

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
 Des. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.
 Oth. Humb.
 Des. And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then
 When your eyes rowle so.
 Why I should feare, I know not,
 Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I feare.
 Oth. Thinke on thy finnes.
 Des. They are Loues I beare to you.
 Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st.
 Des. That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing.
 Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?
 Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:
 These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
 They do not point on me.
 Oth. Peace, and be still.
 Des. I will so: What's the matter?
 Oth. That Handkerchiefe
 Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to Cassio.
 Des. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
 And aske him.
 Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
 Thou art on thy death-bed.
 Des. I, but not yet to dye.
 Oth. Presently.
 Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:
 For to deny each Article with Oath,
 Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception
 That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.
 Des. O Heauen haue mercy on me.
 Oth. I say, Amen.
 Des. And haue you merrey too. I neuer did
 Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd Cassio,
 But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,
 As I might loue: I neuer gaue him Token.
 Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
 O periur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
 And makes me call, what I intend to do,
 A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
 I saw the Handkerchiefe.
 Des. He found it then:
 I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:
 Let him confesse a truth.
 Oth. He hath confest.
 Des. What, my Lord?
 Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.
 Des. How? vnlawfully?
 Oth. I.
 Des. He will not say so.
 Oth. No: his mouth is stopp'd:
 Honest Iago hath'ane order for't.
 Des. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
 Oth. Had all his haire bin liues, my great Reuenge
 Had romacke for them all.
 Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.
 Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?
 Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
 Oth. Downe Strumpet.
 Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
 Oth. Nay, if you striue.
 Des. But halfe an houre.
 Oth. Being done, there is no pawse.
 Des. But while I say one prayer.
 Oth. It is too late. *Smotheres her.*
Emilia at the doore.
 Emil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?

My Lord, my Lord.
 Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
 I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
 I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
 So, so.
 Emil. *within.* What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
 Oth. Who's there?
 Emil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word
 with you.
 Oth. Yes: 'Tis Emilia: by and by. Shee's dead.
 'Tis like she comes to speake of Cassio's death:
 The noise was high. Hah, no more moouing?
 Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Wert good?
 I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?
 If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:
 My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.
 Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!
 Me thinks, it should be now a huge Eclipse
 Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe
 Did yawne at Alteration.
 Emil. I do beseech you
 That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord,
 Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in Emilia.
 Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
 Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
Enter Emilia.
 Emil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers
 done.
 Oth. What? now?
 Emil. But now, my Lord.
 Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
 She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,
 And makes men mad.
 Emil. Cassio, my Lord, hath kill'd
 A young Venetian, call'd Rodorigo.
 Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and Cassio kill'd?
 Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.
 Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
 And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.
 Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.
 Emil. Alas! what cry is that?
 Oth. That? What?
 Emil. Out and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
 Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladiespeake againe,
 Sweet Desdemona, oh sweet Mistris, speake.
 Des. A guiltlesse death, I dye.
 Emil. Oh who hath done this deed?
 Des. No body: I my selfe, farewell:
 Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.
 Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
 Emil. Alas: who knowes?
 Oth. You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.
 Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
 Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
 'Twas I that kill'd her.
 Emil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the black-
 er Diuell.
 Oth. She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.
 Emil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.
 Oth. She was false as water.
 Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
 That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.
 Oth. Cassio did top her: Ask thy husband else.
 O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
 But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
 To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Emil. My Husband?
 Oth. Thy Husband?
 Emil. That she was false to Wedlocke?
 Oth. I, with Cassio: had she bin true,
 If Heauen would make me such another world,
 Of one entyre and perfe & Chrysolite,
 I'd not haue sold her for it.
 Emil. My Husband?
 Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her first,
 An honest man he is, and hates the slime
 That stickes on filthy deeds.
 Emil. My Husband?
 Oth. What needs this itterance, Woman?
 I say, thy Husband.
 Emil. Oh Mistris,
 Villany hath made mockes with Ioue:
 My Husband say she was false?
 Oth. He, Woman;
 I say thy Husband: Do'st vnderstand the word?
 My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest Iago.
 Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soule
 Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to th'heart,
 She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.
 Oth. Hah?
 Emil. Do thy worst:
 This deece of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
 Then thou wast worthy her.
 Oth. Peace, you were best.
 Emil. Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,
 As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
 As ignorant as dirt: thou hast done a deed
 (I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee know,
 Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
 The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.
Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.
 Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?
 Emil. Oh, are you come, Iago: you haue done well,
 That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.
 Gra. What is the matter?
 Emil. Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:
 He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
 I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a Villain.
 Speake, for my heart is full.
 Iago. I told him what I thought,
 And told no more
 Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.
 Emil. But did you euer tell him,
 She was false?
 Iago. I did.
 Emil. You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:
 Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
 Shee false with Cassio?
 Did you say with Cassio?
 Iago. With Cassio, Mistris?
 Go too, charme your tongue.
 Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;
 I am bound to speake,
 My Mistris heere lyes murder'd in her bed.
 All. Oh Heavens, forefend.
 Emil. And your reports haue set the Murder on.
 Othello. Nay stare not Masters,
 It is true indeede.
 Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.
 Mon. O monstrous Acte.

Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
 I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I smelt: O Villany:
 I thought so then: Ile kill my selfe for greefe.
 O villany! villany!
 Iago. What, are you mad?
 I charge you get you home.
 Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to speake:
 'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
 Perchance Iago, I will ne're go home.
 Oth. Oh, oh, oh.
 Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and reare:
 For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
 That ere did lift vp eye.
 Oth. Oh she was fowle!
 I scarce did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
 Whose breath (indeed) these hands haue newly stopp'd:
 I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.
 Gra. Poore Desdemona:
 I am glad thy Father's dead,
 Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
 Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,
 This sight would make him do a desperate turne:
 Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
 And fall to Reprobance.
 Oth. 'Tis pittifull: but yet Iago knowes
 That she with Cassio, hath the Act of shame,
 A thousand times committed. Cassio confest it,
 And she did gratifie his amorous workes
 With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
 Which I first gaue her: I saw it in his hand:
 It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
 My Father gaue my Mother.
 Emil. Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!
 Iago. Come, hold your peace.
 Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out, I peace?
 No, I will speake as liberall as the North;
 Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
 All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake.
 Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
 Emil. I will not.
 Gra. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.
 Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,
 That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of
 I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:
 For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,
 (More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
 He begg'd of me, to steale't.
 Iago. Villanous Whore.
 Emil. She giue it Cassio? No, alas I found it,
 And I did giue't my Husband.
 Iago. Filth, thou lye'st.
 Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
 Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole
 Do with so good a wife?
 Oth. Are there no stones in Heauen,
 But what serues for the Thunder?
 Precious Villaine.
 Gra. The woman fallies:
 Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
 Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Mistris side.
 Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
 Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain, take you this weapon
 Which I haue receou'd from the Moore:
 Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,
 But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,
 For 'tis a damned Slaue.

Exit.
 Oth.